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ACTA VICTORIANA



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The Hills of God. Into the tranquil skies
Their time-worn peaks in lofty grandeur rise,
Bearing eternal snows, whose sheer drifts fill
The ragged chasms. Vast, impregnable,
Looms the gaunt cliff, the solemn precipice;
And in their fold, all calm and peaceful, lies
The lake—and all is still, and ever still.
O walk thou humbly here. Let thy soul thrill
To see this mark of the Creator's hand,
To feel the spell of God's abiding years.
His works declare Him, and show forth His will.
So doth He lead thy soul to understand
The faith that falters not, nor ever fears.

W. F. B., '14.

ACTA VICTORIANA

VOL. XXXVIII.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1914.

NO. 5

The Land of Luthany

I have often wished that one of the genial fellowship of essayists would write for us an essay on that most tyrannous of literary laws, the Statute of Mortmain. One can imagine Mr. G. K. Chesterton revelling in a riot of paradox as he described the relentless pressure of the dead hand of the past upon those luckless mortals whom necessity or the itch of scribbling compels to write.

It is true that some valiant wielders of the pen escape the working of the law. But one feels that it is by dint of superior mental agility, by a feat of literary acrobatics. When Mr. Kipling speaks of "star-stabbing" bowsprits, he certainly avoids the obvious, but we are more occupied with the literary tour-de-force than with the truth of the picture of the tortured ship. Yet we know that there is a region where the writ of Mortmain does not run, a country where poets and little children dwell. Its inhabitants have no need of literary acrobatic feats to escape the obvious and the trite. They are free of the land East of the Sun and West of the Moon, the land of Luthany, the region Elenore. It matters not whether they speak in prose or verse. They can make the old worn-out words thrill with tidings from the land where God is busy making all things new.

Of them it is true that to the new eyes of them—

" All things by immortal power
Near or far,
Hiddenly
To each other linkéd are."

They know that they cannot " stir a flower without troubling of a star."

But, again, it seems that of those who are free of this land, some are born free, while others obtained that freedom at a very great cost. Of these last was Francis Thompson. The record of his life is witness that he was chosen in the furnace of affliction. His father, a Catholic physician, intended him for the priesthood, and sent him to S. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw. After seven years of study the president of the college sent him back to his father, saying that though he had always been docile and obedient, and was one of the cleverest boys in his class, yet "his strong nervous timidity has increased to such an extent that I have been most reluctantly compelled to concur in the opinion of his director and others that it is not the holy will of God that he should go on for the priesthood."

Then, with his heart still in the priesthood, he took up the study of his father's calling, and failed. While studying medicine he learned to take laudanum. Then came the terrible years of his London experiences in poverty, hunger and loneliness, so touchingly alluded to in the short poem entitled "The Kingdom of God," found among his papers after his death. The Meynells discovered him, and surrounded him for the rest of his short life with love and comfort, but the experiences he had been through had left him a physical wreck, the discovery came too late.

Mr. George Wyndham, writing of Thompson's article on Shelley, perhaps the finest essay in literary criticism in the English language, says: "The older I get the more do I affect the two extremes of literature. Let me have either pure poetry, or else the statements of actors and sufferers. Thompson's article, though an essay in prose criticism, is pure poetry, and also unconsciously, a human document of intense suffering."

It is this note of suffering, in no way paraded in any artificial *Tristia*, but piercing though even the happiest and gayest of Thompson's songs, that is most characteristic of his poetry.

The poem in which this sense of pain unutterable has its most intense and concentrated expression, a poem which also expresses most finely the Christian mysticism of the poet, is "The Mistress of Vision." It is such a flawless, perfect chrysolite that one hesitates to quote from it. Yet a few lines will show better than anything else that sense of initiation into

the mystic way by pain. In the garden of the vision, "set in the pathless awe," "thrice-threefold walled with emerald from our mortal mornings grey," sits the "Lady of fair weeping," the Mistress of Vision. As the singer seeks to catch and tell the ancient secrets of her singing, vigor fails the tow'ring fantasy, and he falls like Phaethon headlong from the sky.

"From the fall precipitant
These dim snatches of her chant
Only have remained mine;—
That from *spear and thorn* alone
May be grown
For the front of saint or singer any divinizing twine."

The Mistress of Vision tells him that the singer's lore may only be learnt beyond the dead, in the land of Luthany, in the region Elenore. He asks her where it is and how he may reach it. She replies:

"Pierce thy heart to find the key:
With thee take
Only what none else would keep;
Learn to dream when thou dost wake.
Learn to wake when thou dost sleep.
Learn to water joy with tears,
Learn from fears to vanquish fears:
To hope, for thou dar'st not despair.
Exult for that thou dar'st not grieve;
Plough thou the rock until it bear;
Know, for thou else couldst not believe:
Lose, that the lost thou mayst receive:
Die, for none other way canst live.
When earth and heaven lay down their veil,
And that apocalypse turns thee pale:
When thy seeing blindeth thee
To what thy fellow-mortals see;
When their sight to thee is sightless;
Their living, death; their light, most lightless;
Search no more—
Pass the gates of Luthany, tread the region Elenore."

Sometimes one can feel that the poet is enjoying his own music, beating time to his own strange subtle rhythms, and approving his own delicately-chosen, richly-wrought epithets, fetched from far secret corners of the old workshop of our English tongue. But in the *Mistress of Vision* the music is too intense and piercing to allow of any other feeling than sympathetic pain. Words, thought and music are molten together in the white heat of suffering.

Inseparably interwoven with this burden of this "song of sweet and sore" is the poet's characteristic mysticism. One can discern all the great features of the Mystic Way, the successive stages of the soul's purgation and illumination, the sense of the immanence of the Divine in leaf and stone and every breath of wind, the ecstasy of union with the Divine. But two special features of Thompson's mysticism are worthy of note.

There is first the peculiar and significant place of the Cross in the expression of his religious experience. One is familiar with a certain sickly sweetness and sentimentality surrounding this theme in the literature of devotional mysticism.

There is none of this in Thompson. The cross has become to him the symbol of the pain and travail of birth. It is a terrible and awful but necessary thing. In a magnificent passage in his "*Ode to the Setting Sun*" the poet says:

" Like Him thou hangst in dreadful pomp of blood
 Upon thy Western rood;
 And His stained brow did veil like thine to-night,
 Yet lift once more its light,
 And, risen, again departed from our ball,
 But when It set on earth arose in Heaven.
 Thus hath He unto death His beauty given;
 And so of all which form inheriteth
 The fall doth pass the rise in worth;
 For birth hath in itself the germ of death,
 But death hath in itself the germ of birth."

Again,—

" Even so, O Cross! thine is the victory.
 Thy roots are fast within our fairest fields;
 Brightness may emanate in heaven from thee,
 Here thy dread symbol only shadow yields."

Then there is in the second place an extraordinary expression of that side of Catholic belief which has mediated one of the deepest elements in the old pagan faiths. It is an element which is most repugnant to Protestant minds, the worship of Mary. Yet as Thompson handles it, one might almost say that he polarizes through the medium of his poetic vision that strange beam of light, breaking it up into its older elements, and yet making it Christian as one had not felt it to be before. For him Mary symbolizes all the travail of creation, God immanent in all the throes of birth that yield at last the Anteros and Eros, the Ischyros, Agios Athanatos. The poem "Assumpta Maria" is a marvellous achievement, but it is difficult to quote briefly from it.

One other thing and our tedious tale shall here have ending. Swinburne, Shelley, Traherne, Blake, each in his own way has sung of children, and shows that essential kinship with little children that all must have who are free of the land of Luthany. But Thompson touches this chord as none of them has done. He speaks of himself, of his own inner strife as "the man at feud with the perduring child." The inimitable charm and sweetness of the first of the "Sister Songs" tells of Thompson's child-spirit. In the little poem called "Daisy," the poet tells of his meeting with a little country child:

"Where 'mid the gorse the raspberry
Red for the gatherer springs,
Two children did we stray and talk,
Wise, idle, childish things.

"She listened with big-lipped surprise,
Breast deep 'mid flower and spine;
Her skin was like a grape, whose veins
Run snow instead of wine.

"She knew not those sweet words she spake,
Nor knew her own sweet way;
But there's never a bird, so sweet a song,
Thronged in whose throat that day."

Yet the sweetest and simplest of little songs closes with a verse that seems to me the quintessence of earthly sadness:

“Nothing begins, and nothing ends,
That is not paid with moan;
For we are born in other’s pain,
And perish in our own.”

S. H. H.

Donald Alexander Smith

Death and the Silence, they are like and kin;
He sleeps his sleep, while soft the people tread
About his corse; all hushed, lest the great dead
Should want that honour he strove not to win.
With preparation that befits him well,
The Lord Strathcona. do they honour him.
The house is stately and the room is dim,
And tolling slowly is the reverent bell.

Yet—did he dream it once that most fit place
For his long sleeping when the task was done,
Would be where the great North Wind’s coursers run
Wild in the night, where white faith on his face
Might gaze out of its snow-wrapped panoplies
On some high star set in the Northern skies.

A. L. P.

A Rainy Day at Camp

Rainy days are generally not hailed with much joy. In a city, where we are choked with the dust and stifled with the heat, we are always praying for rain; but when we are camping for a few weeks in the summer months, in places where there is plenty of water all around and when, even on the hottest day of summer, the temperature under the shady pine trees is never very high, rain is thought very unnecessary from our selfish point of view. The chief luxuries of a camp life do not lie within the camp itself, but without; so all of us who have known the lonesome days of a rainy spell, when the tents are soaked by rain and when everything in the house is damp and sticky, will agree that we are justified in not wanting much of such weather.

It was one particularly cold, rainy day at the camp—in fact, one could say it had been a “rainy day” for nearly a week before. But this day was a little different from the preceding days, for it was a typical rainy day—a steady downpour, with not even a minute’s sunshine until sunset that night. The most important difference was that it was the day in which we nearly starved—but only for a few hours. All Nature outside the camp looked dark and dreary and even the natures inside were beginning to feel a little discouraged. We had exhausted our store of cheerfulness that morning, when we wakened up and found that it was still raining very hard. I think everyone must have had the same thought—what were we going to eat that day? It wasn’t a highly elevating thought, but was uppermost in our minds just then and for a few hours later.

We all remembered the tragi-comedy of the night before. Our last loaf of bread had been left out on a table to dry, for some person had accidentally spilt some water over it. One of the girls went out to put it away, but immediately came quietly back into the room, telling us all to come out and see something. On top of the bread sat two saucy-looking, little chipmunks, stuffing their pouches with bread, in a very ungentlemanlike manner, pushing it in as fast as they could. Already they had burrowed a large hole into the bread. For a long while we watched these interesting little creatures, since it was too late now to do anything else. It would have been a

shame to disturb our little visitors, who seemed to be enjoying themselves so much. Our stock of provisions was gone now, except for three boxes of Corn-Flakes and some butter. We knew we had to go to town the next day, but this incident hastened the necessity of our going and we decided to leave before breakfast. But the next morning, the tragic part of our little comedy of the night before was felt when we saw it raining heavily. We breakfasted sumptuously that morning, having Corn-Flakes—damp sawdust, as somebody persisted in calling them—served in many different ways. It was as satisfying as afternoon teas are to a hungry man.

After breakfast we sat around trying to create some amusement by telling riddles, jokes and college stories. I might say that our party was composed of college graduates, under-graduates and future under-graduates. During the last few days, after having read all the late and then the old magazines and papers, we had amused ourselves by cooking new dishes. Our motto for those days was written out and hung over one of the living-room doors. On the card were these words, the thought borrowed from our friend of High School days—“*Il faut mangre pour vivre, ici, il faut vivre pour manger.*” When we had exhausted our supply of stories and jokes, we held an indignation meeting over the weather.

It was still raining and the dull, grey sky gave every prospect of there being a whole day's rain. Nevertheless, we had to have some provisions from the town. How were we to get there, since, unfortunately, there was only one umbrella and there were seven of us? Necessity was truly the Mother of Invention in solving this problem. We had a large piece of canvas, which had once been part of a tent. In this we cut five holes, large enough for our heads to go through. With our rubber bathing-caps on our heads, we would be well protected from the rain: for we intended to start out for town in this array, stopping at the first farm-house we came to for some umbrellas. Five people could walk close together under the canvas, one could have the small umbrella, but the seventh one would have to stay home. Two of us drew lots to see who should stay? I was the unfortunate one so I thought then, but not later on.

About half an hour later it began to rain harder than ever. The rain, moreover, seemed to be coming in all directions and I couldn't help laughing when I pictured to myself our rain-soaked party arriving in town. Soon I began to feel lonesome, with not even the excitement of being out in the rain. It was so cold and I longed for a fire in the fireplace. We had had no fire that day, because all the dry wood had been burned the night before. I suddenly remembered that there was an old cedar stump under a big box down by the boathouse. Regardless of the rain, I started out to get it. My strenuous efforts in unearthing it were soon rewarded, when I had built a lovely fire. Seated in a big comfortable chair, reading some of Henry Drummond's delightful little poems, could you believe me when I say I was enjoying myself more than those walking in the rain?

After I had grown tired of reading I moved my chair up to the south window and sat looking out, admiring the scenery and the rain—it was an easy matter to do this now, when all was cheerful and warm inside. The window faced the water and afforded a splendid view of a picturesque little lake. The lake was about two and a half miles wide. Its south bank was quite high, but this day it could scarcely be seen, because of the mist that rose over it. Towards the southeast of the lake, where the land was quite level, the mist was not so heavy, but all that could be seen were brown, scorched fields. Even that last week of rain had not freshened them. There was a little island about half way across the lake, but only the top of its trees could be seen because of the mist. Another island nearer the north shore truly seemed an "*Emerald Isle*," in all that surrounding whiteness. It was a pretty island, covered thickly with evergreens, whence its name, *Green Island*. A point of land ran out into the water directly in front of the cottage. Along one side of the Point was a sand beach and on the other side of the Point, a few yards from the shore, were low-lying flat rocks, with their long, sweeping outlines laid bare in the shallow water. Along the sand beach little sandpipers were running and I imagined I could hear their faint chirp-chirp, a cheer-up, cheer-up to me in my loneliness. Soon six wild ducks flew past and lighted on the shore. They swam around in the water for a while, but soon flew away. As soon as the ducks were gone, two mud-turtles

crawled lazily up on the rocks. Pretty soon two loons appeared. They stayed out in view for a while, swimming up and down, diving every few minutes and keeping up an almost continual cry. A large blue heron flew up to the end rock of the Point. This heron was a large, clumsy bird with a body which looked too heavy for its thin legs. He walked slowly and carefully round the rocks, finally stood still near the edge, drew up one leg, settled his wings down and stood there quietly, never moving an inch.

It was still raining and as a light breeze was blowing, the rain drops falling on the water looked like showers of pearls. I was nearly asleep sitting there by the window, when I was awakened by the loud chattering of two little chipmunks chasing each other up and down the veranda. Perhaps they were our two visitors of the night before, but this time they would find nothing to eat. To arouse myself I stirred the fire and moved my chair over by the west window, to see everything of interest it afforded.

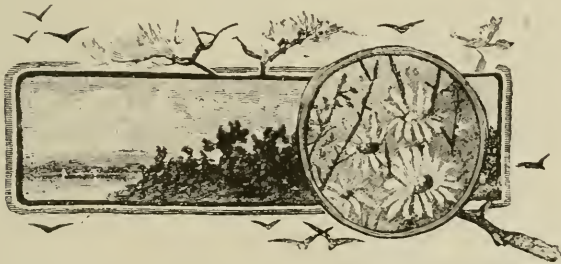
Towards the west, the land rose quite gradually from the shore in a northeasterly direction, where there was a high hill somewhat triangular-shaped. The hill was thickly wooded with massive pine trees. Down nearer the shore were maples and poplars. Between the pines and maples were slender little birch-bark trees scattered here and there. Down along the shore were many soft water maples and, although it was still early in August, they were all turned, displaying their brilliantly-colored scarlet and gold leaves. Just to gaze from those autumn trees to the row of birches and then to the pines—those silent guardians of the forest—was a feast for any artist's eye. One could not imagine the beautiful contrasts in that picture without seeing them. On the east side of this forest of trees was a swamp, over which hung a thin veil of mist. Rushes and long swaying cat-tails with brown, velvety tops, grew in abundance there. I thought of all the fun we had had with these cat-tails, using them as night-torches. I thought of all the birds and their nests we had seen in this swamp. Where were the marsh-hens, the bob-o-links, the meadow larks and the cat-birds on that cold, wet, rainy day? There were no bob-o-links swaying on the cat-tails that day; nor could any marsh-hen be seen dropping silently down into her nest among the rushes. Down by the water's

edge a row of weeping willows stood swaying in the wind. They were old trees with some of their branches drooping over, so that they almost touched the water. How we used to delight to paddle our canoe in under those trees! They looked as beautiful and inviting on that rainy day as they ever did.

After I had satisfied myself with the picture from this window, I moved up by the fireplace and began to read. But I did not read long, for the gentle pitter-patter of the rain drops on the roof lulled me to sleep. I was awakened about an hour later by the sound of laughing voices, and soon I heard footsteps on the veranda. Our party had returned, heavily laden with baskets of provisions and we were all a happy family once more. The rain continued until about sunset that night. Then the weather cleared up beautifully and everything around us no longer had that washed-away look, but was so fresh and green. From out on the water we also enjoyed the splendor of a glorious sunset, whose rays of light shot forth over the whole sky from their background of silver and gold.

We were all pleased to see the warm, bright sun once more, but as one lively member of our party, who had enjoyed the day immensely, remarked that night: "Well, girls, nothing could be more interesting and enjoyable than to feel the water oozing in one's boots, or to hear the wind moaning in the trees, accompanied by a steady down-pour, or to see the hungry looks of seven hungry people watching their last mouthful being taken from them on a rainy, rainy day at camp."

M. W. D., '15.



Isn't it Terrible

Every now and then James pigeon-holes a letter for him addressed "The Rev. Baldwin Smith." When he preaches in his home town the paper always remarks that "Rev. B. Smith" did excellently well, and goes on in elaboration to all the other things a young minister conventionally does excellently well. Once, indeed, when, innocently as a baby, he enjoyed a game of hockey with the fellows, the same paper head-lined him with "Rev. B. Smith enthusiastic over our national winter game!" But in reality he isn't reverend at all. He often says "Hear, hear," instead of "Amen," after the more practical petitions of the chapel prayers. Sometimes he wears a cane; once he came back from fire-ranging and tried a kiss in the dark with a six weeks' moustache on. But that comes after my story. The story begins with what Baldy Smith is; he is a Methodist probationer and not reverend at all; and further, he is an M.A. He is also tremendously in love with life and modern fiction, if the two things be not mutually exclusive.

The story begins, like most journeys, on a railway train. Where it may end shall be left to the imagination of the reader. We may pause here, perhaps for a moment, to remark that the imagination is a very interesting faculty; in fact, one of the few endowments of our race which enriches a man's character; witness the real estate magnates. Possessed of an imagination a man may leave sordid realities, and all the base iniquities of a mundane existence. Vistas open. Visions smash the horizon. The world is a man's; he is free, he may soar, unmeltable wings. . . . But why need the thought be labored? Every Ananias knows the value of imagination; as does every man and maiden tied to Cupid's tether. So the end of this story is left to the reader's imagination.

The beginning of it is as follows:

As usual it was dark in the Union Station, yet Baldy Smith, stumbling after a suitcase through the dim aisles, managed finally to locate a seat. Baldy was in a peculiar mood. He had but recently been indulging in some rather erotic conversation which repudiated certain Puritanic ideals he had long cherished. A more or less Bohemian probationer had been urging

upon him the futility of conventions and the general broken-up condition of the authority of customary morality. As a result, Baldy's mind, as he boarded the train, was in a state bordering on chaos. If it was not wrong to speak to a maiden to whom he had never been formally introduced; if conversation with such maiden in a friendly way was not at all an evil thing; if, indeed, certain airy gossip would not savor of depravity—why, he questioned with himself, what *was* the world coming to? The comfortable universe which for so long he had petted and caressed more or less as he would his tame dog came shrieking and tumbling at him from every quarter. "Why," he mused, "if humanity was to be allowed freedom on every hand—then 'freedom *always* runs to license,' " he stumbled on in one stable corner of his mind suddenly!—and whereupon the Universe shrieked and jangled more hideously than ever. Where was morality? What was religion? Was life worth living? Where *was* he at?

It was in some such mental condition as this that Baldy stumbled across the perversity of his suitcase into the plush of his suddenly found asylum—and knocked a young lady's furs off the back of the seat in front. "Excuse me," he said, lifting his hat and picking them up. Then he sat down suddenly behind the back of the young lady's glorious hair. He mopped his brow and looked from the window. The train was pulling out into the decent late afternoon away from the Union Station. Clouds were hanging in the west, and the luminous grey hush, which presages a coming snowstorm, put a mood upon the winter landscape flitting by.

The brakeman came through the train at intervals, and with blank eyes expressed the unintelligibility of what he said. It was growing dusk and the snow was falling. The population of the car became gradually depleted. Soon Baldy and the young lady in front of him were practically alone in their end sitting beneath the sputtering lights in the pensive twilight.

Baldy had been reading "De Profundis." He cast it aside and sat back thoughtful, wondering about the next Romantic Movement. Of course he watched the drowse of the young lady's dusky hair immediately in front. Then she turned around and sat facing him. A great idea crystallized out of the

heretofore persistent chaos of Baldy's mind. Why not experiment? Why not put it to the test? Just to see what would happen! Of course he lied to himself when he told himself these were his reasons for planning what he contemplated. That is one great trouble with probationers. They are not addicted sufficiently to analysis to appreciate the depravity or otherwise of their own motives. So, often they stagger through life in a maze of hypocrisy and inconsistency. It is all because of a lack of the analytic spirit. Baldy hadn't taken enough psychology—not quite enough. Hence the idea that he was lying to himself was not dominant in his mind. . . . Then the young lady turned to put her window up. A great blue azure flame beat across Baldy's senses; for the half tick of a second she had looked at him. He was at her side at once. His hand touched hers. The window went up. She said, "It's very stuffy in here, isn't it?" He said, "Yes, very warm," sitting down again suddenly, this time at her side and fair upon her furs, apparently working a complete demolition. They laughed together over the extrication. Baldy laughed very heartily. It was so funny to sit down on the furs. And besides he had no other form of expression just then. She was beautiful beyond words: her voice was like the silver music of little moonlit streams. Her hands were perfect; her hair like a poet's dream. And her eyes—that azure flame again! He thought all these things, but could say none of them. So he said a profound thing.

"The falling snow is beautiful, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes," she said, "it'll make the country very pretty."

Then followed a long pause. The silly lights flickered. Their globes tinkled as the coach lurched. The train staggered to a shuddering stand outside a little station. Suddenly there was utter silence everywhere.

Baldy's mind became shrieking chaos again. She was perfect! She was beautiful! She was wonderful! And what would she think of him? He was sitting like a goat beside her. Should he permit himself to burst upon the silence with tense, wordy adulation? Should he remark that the station lights were pretty? Should he——

He did the one wise thing. He spoke very quietly.

"Do you know," he said, "I wanted very much to speak to you. I—well, that's all, I wanted to. I wanted to sit here and chat and enjoy your company. And I did it!" Then he laughed, really laughed, comfortably and at ease.

She looked at him, toying with her furs. She was splendid. he mused.

"And I am glad you did speak," she said. "Now we can indeed have a good talk. I—wanted you to speak to me." She looked roguishly at the window. "Will you please put it down now?" she said. "Aren't conventions insipid things? Let's talk now."

Which they did, and they had a good talk. And after they had exchanged names laughingly they discovered they were bound for the same destination.

On the Sunday morning he nearly collapsed when he discovered that she was a member of the choir of the church he was supplying. Of course it made the service enjoyable in a rather unexpected and romantic fashion. And while there were moods of exaltation, there were also moods of despair and self-chastisement. If only he had waited to meet her properly! Suddenly he found himself clutching at forfeited respectability. He had done a common low-down thing; he had "picked her up." Indeed she had helped pick herself up. And now he was preaching to her with his white tie on!

During the last hymn he dwelt again in chaos. The conventions, the customary moralities—they were like the Saint Catharine wheels of fifty twenty-fourths of May in his head.

Down in the basement when the organist introduced them he was dumb because shame and exultation had each other by the throat in his chest. He had "picked her up." He had done a common low-down thing. Yet it was a common low-down thing that was somehow very worth while! She was feeling similarly, he divined. Guiltily self-conscious they stood. Revived convention with a big grey stick was trying to slay something they had begun to enjoy very much. They were both blown upon by the blasts of chaos there in the basement beside the stolid furnace.

But pshaw! They worked it out all right. Enter the imagination, that glorious faculty! In June it will be the Rev.

Baldwin Smith verily. And—what if they did pick each other up in a railway carriage? The Germans do it, and call it friendly intercourse, and are not self-conscious about it. And in most cases they are not nearly so happily sentimental with that “eventually if not now” brand of the joy that is inanity to all but the initiated.

ANON.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—For further information *re* the joy that is inanity readers are referred to A. L. S-m-th, B.A.

For details of the story to H. H-l-g-te, M.A.

For any added sentiment deemed necessary for the plot's development to A. P. McK-n-zie, B.A.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We have great admiration and respect for the author and his confrères; we do not pretend to understand them.

A Friend

Ah, yes! A friend, a true, great-hearted friend,
Is never made to order, he must grow.
Grow of himself, and reach out gracious boughs,
Rich with green leaves of frequent intercourse—
True to the truth in individual right,
And unafraid of all the big world's blame,
Nor dazzled by the smiles that token praise.—
Fine in his feelings, gentle in his speech,
A man to trust though even the heavens should fall.
Ah! give me such a friend, and I'll give back,
With joyous heart-grip, measure unto measure.

C. S.

The Flaming Sword

On the second evening out, as the steamer was quietly threading her way among the many islands which make the coast of British Columbia a veritable fairyland, when I stepped out on deck a spectacle met my eyes which I shall not soon forget. The whole sky from the northern horizon to the zenith was aflame with leaping, dancing shafts of light, red, green, yellow, blue; now formed in perpendicular lines, like a long row of ghostly candles, now massed into a huge crown from which flashed the rays of the ruby, the emerald and the sapphire. For several minutes I stood in silent admiration, and then noticing that I had a companion at the rail. I turned to him with the words:

"A remarkably fine display of the Northern Lights to-night, is it not?"

The man whom I had addressed turned towards me and I saw that he was old, prematurely old, I thought. His cheeks were sunken and his hair was grey, but this gaunt frame told of great strength in days gone by. He turned towards me, but his eyes still stared into the North, as if he would try to penetrate the darkness beyond, behind the dazzling lights.

"Lights," he replied; "yes—most people call them that."

I was astonished at his answer.

"What, then," I exclaimed, "would *you* call them?"

"Lights," he repeated dreamily; "yes, I suppose they are that, but something more, my young friend, something much greater."

He paused a moment, then—"Boy, do you read the Bible?"

"Oh, sometimes," I replied, with the cynical smile of youth.

"Do you remember where it says: 'He set a flaming sword at the Gate of the Garden'?" Then, with a nod towards the Northern sky, he added, "There, my son, there you see the Flaming Sword of the Almighty."

"What?" I gasped. "Do you mean that behind the Northern Lights lies the Garden of Eden?"

"Just that, son," he replied calmly, "just that. Have men ever been able to find the Garden? No. Why not? Because they have never looked in the right place, and because they have never seen beyond the Flaming Sword."

"Then," I demanded triumphantly, "how do *you* know that the Garden lies there?"

For a long time there was silence; then with a soft voice he said: "My son, what men have not seen, I have seen. To-night it all comes back to me. If you wish to hear an old man's story, come inside and I will tell it to you."

* * * * *

"The Klondike is to me no stranger. I have climbed its hills, roamed its valleys, frozen on its trails, been lost amid its snows, and all for gold,—gold,—gold. Three times I have come out with a fortune, but always I turn back. In the spring of '97, before the big rush began, Jim and I had a good thing at Dawson. We didn't know, though, how good it was, and we sold it for a song,—a mere song. But I didn't care, for I was young and strong in those days,—Husky Bill, they used to call me. My partner Jim was big and strong, too, and so we planned to leave the beaten track and hit further north. Up the Yookum Valley was the way we went, and in those warm autumn days, with the stream all leaping and singing, and the hills all dark with trees and just living with game, we tasted real life. Every little while we would stop and work the pan. And the luck wasn't so bad either, but all this had been worked before, and we were aiming to go further back, right to the source of the stream, for we had heard from the Indians stories of pocket-gold back there,—nuggets as big as a man's fist. And so we travelled happily along with never a care, until one day we realized that our grub was growing short and that the winter was coming on. We were nearing our destination now, and it went hard to turn back, but we couldn't both go on, so there beneath the darkening sky we cut the cards to see which of us should return. Jim cut first and drew a four-spot. I smiled, and cut, and drew,—a deuce. So it was decided that I should turn back. The grub was divided, and I had shaken Jim's hand and said good-bye, when suddenly the gold-lust seized me. A vision of bright, gleaming, virgin gold swam before my eyes, and the thought came rushing to my brain: "How much further could one man go, if he had *all* the grub!" A madness came over me,—I drew my knife from its sheath and turning

suddenly upon Jim I drove the steel deep into his back. God! how it all comes back to me,—his one loud piercing cry,—the astonished look in his eyes,—the little stream of warm, red blood that trickled to the ground. I left him there, and taking all the grub, pressed on. Day after day I toiled on and on, ever further north, never stopping except when utterly exhausted. Even at such times I could not sleep, being tortured always by the thought of the dead man back there, and never escaping the memory of the horror in his eyes as with his dying glance he saw the blood upon my hands. Then suddenly the winter burst upon me. You know, perhaps, how a Klondike winter comes,—a wind,—a cloud,—a flurry of snow,—and then the whole land is wrapped in a blinding blizzard. Anyone but a fool would have turned back, but I was mad,—raving mad. On, ever on I stumbled, while the frost-fiend bit and stabbed. Then one night the Northern Lights burst into flame before me, and then I knew that there, behind the lights lay the goal I sought. Already the flashing shafts were about me,—one step more,—another,—a little further,—just a little further,—and then I saw it. Right before me lay the Garden, with its crystal streams, fruit-laden trees, glorious sunshine, and a lake of gold and emerald. And there at the gate was the great Flaming Sword, sending out its shafts of blue and red and green, which men call the Northern Lights. One step more and I would have entered in, but the Sword barred my way, and a voice from the dark exclaimed: "Enter not, for the brand of Cain is on thy brow;—the brand of Cain, the murderer."

The old man's head sank down upon the table before him, and his whole frame shook with convulsive sobs. "The brand of Cain"—I heard him whisper again and again. Then, suddenly, without another word, he rose from his place and staggered from the room.

* * * * *

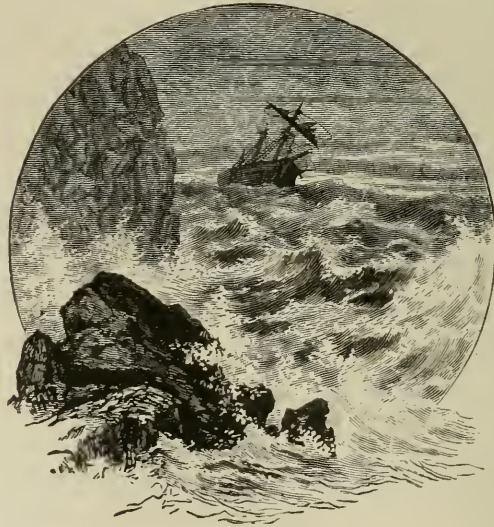
I had been greatly moved by the old man's story, and sat in thoughtful silence for several minutes after he had left. Then a big, rough giant, whose attire marked him for a miner, came across the room and dropped into the chair beside me.

"Say, young feller," he began, "has Gentl'man Bill bin handin' you some of his creepy stuff?"

"Well," I replied, with a smile, "at least he has been trying to convince me that our first progenitors lived in a rather chilly climate."

"Uh, huh," remarked my new friend, "you mean that Garden of Eden story, I guess,—that's one of his fav'rits. Poor old cuss, he's never bin quite right since him and his pardner was caught by the winter of '98. His pardner cashed in that trip, and a bunch of Indians found pore old Bill ravin' beside the corpse and mutterin' sumthin' about a brand of sumthin' or other. They tuk care of him an' fixed him up all right, all 'cept his attic,—he's bin plumb nutty ever sence. 'specially when the Lights git to shinin' like to-night. I shure thought he'd gone out to stay this time,—got folks down in Seattle with a pile of coin: but the North's got him, I guess, 'cos here he is on the way in again. Such a pleasant old cuss, too,—tough luck, ain't it?"

H. B., '15.



The Biogenetic Law

The age of Darwin and that just following was the most wonderful in all time for the development of science. Among other principles brought forward was the Biogenetic Law with Haeckel as its most extreme supporter. Let us review briefly some of Haeckel's beliefs.

The biogenetic law, or the fundamental law of organic evolution, states that ontogeny is a recapitulation of phylogeny: or more explicitly that the series of forms through which the individual organism passes during its progress from the egg to its fully developed state, is a brief, compressed reproduction of the long series of forms through which the animal ancestors of that organism (or the ancestral forms of its species) have passed from the earliest periods of so-called organic creation down to the present time.

The causal nature of the relation which connects the history of the germ (embryology or ontogeny) with that of the tribe (phylogeny) is dependent on the phenomena of heredity and adaptation. When these are properly understood, and their fundamental importance in determining the forms of organisms recognized, we may go a step further and say: The evolution of the tribe, which is dependent on the laws of heredity and adaptation, effects all the events which take place in the course of the evolution of the germ or embryo.

There is always a complete parallelism between the two series of evolution. This is, however, vitiated by the fact that in most cases many forms which formerly existed and actually lived in the phylogenetic series are now wanting, and have been lost from the ontogenetic series of evolution. If the parallelism between the two series were perfect, and if this great fundamental law of the casual relation of ontogeny and phylogeny, in the strict sense of the words, had full and unconditioned sway, we should only have to ascertain, with the aid of microscope and scalpel, the series of forms through which the fertilized human egg passes before it attains its complete development. Such an examination would at once give us a complete picture of the remarkable series of forms through which the animal ancestors of the human race have passed, from the beginning of organic

creation to the first appearance of man. But this reproduction of the phylogeny in the ontogeny is complete only in rare instances, and seldom corresponds to the entire series. In fact, in most cases the epitome is very incomplete. Hence we are seldom able to determine directly, by means of its ontogeny, the different forms through which the ancestry of each organism has passed; on the contrary, we commonly find—and not less so in the phylogeny of man—a number of gaps, many of which, however, can be bridged over by the use of comparative anatomy.

As an example of the working out of the biogenetic law, let us take the nervous system, in which the relation is most clearly seen.

In the economy of the body, the nervous system performs the functions of sensation, of voluntary movement, volition, and finally the highest psychical functions, namely, those of thought; in a word, every one of the various activities which constitute the special subject of psychology, or the science of the mind. Modern anatomy and physiology have demonstrated that these functions of the mind, or psychic activities, are immediately dependent upon the more delicate structure of the central nervous system, upon the internal conditions of the form of the brain and the spinal marrow. Here are placed the extremely complex mechanism of cells, whose physiological function constitutes the mind-life of man. It is so complex that to most people its function appears to be something supernatural, and incapable of mechanical explanation. But the history of the evolution of the individual furnishes us with the most surprising and significant information as to the gradual origin and progressive formation of this important system of organs. For the first rudiment of the central nervous system in the human embryo makes its appearance in the same most simple form in which ascidians and other inferior worms retain it through life. A perfectly simple spinal marrow, without brain, such as throughout its existence represents the organ of the mind of the amphioxus, the lowest vertebrates, first develops this rudiment. It is only at a later period that a brain develops from the anterior extremity of this spinal cord, and the brain is of the simplest form, similar to the permanent form of this organ in the lower fishes. Step by step this simple brain develops still

further, passing through forms corresponding to those of amphibia, beaked animals, pouched animals or marsupials, and semi-apes, until the highly organized form is reached which distinguishes the apes from all other vertebrates, and which finally attains its highest development in the human brain. But step by step with this progressive evolution of the form of the brain, the evolution of its peculiar function, the psychical activities, moves on hand in hand, and it is therefore the history of the evolution of the central nervous system which for the first time enables us to understand the origin of life of the human mind from the natural causes, and the gradual historic development of the psychic activities of man. It is impossible without the aid of ontogeny to perceive how the highest and most brilliant functions of the animal organism have been historically developed. In a word, the history of the evolution of the spinal marrow and the brain of the human embryo at the same time directly leads us to understand the phylogeny of the human mind, that most sublime activity of life which in the developed human being we are accustomed to regard as something wonderful and supernatural.

This is a very extreme statement of the Biogenetic Law, but it opens up to us many fields of thought. It has been very hard for many of us to believe that man has been developed physically from lower forms. It will prove still harder to believe that there has also been an evolution in psychic qualities, that man's mind is but the highest point in a gradual scale of development.



Missionary and Religious

The New Course.

The course of lectures in missions, now being given in Victoria, is being taken by a large number of students. While the writer is firmly convinced it is not more hours of lectures that we need, he is very certain that this course is worthy of a claim upon the student's time.

Missions are a very important problem in these days. Men are recognizing the call to world citizenship. How natural, therefore, that they should be interested in world-wide problems. A consideration is being given in these lectures to possibly the most far-reaching of all these problems. The lecturers are experts in the subject. Such men as Drs. J. Endicott, Jas. Allen, F. C. Stephenson and Revs. C. E. Manning and Jesse H. Arnup will discuss various phases of the problem. It is to be hoped that such support shall be given to this new scheme that a more important place may be given to this subject in our college curriculum, and possibly other institutions may be encouraged to seek a repetition of the lectures or a similar course.

John R. Mott.

The recent visit of John R. Mott to our university has shown that his grip upon the students of Toronto has not weakened. The crowds that sought admission to Convocation Hall seemed to indicate, that if he had been inclined, he could have addressed audiences quite as continuously in Toronto as in Asia. His addresses, to use his own term, seemed "charged with a dynamic energy," which carried them to the mind first, and then to the heart with an overwhelming conviction. It is not to be wondered at that his appeals are so irresistible.

The only regret that may be expressed regarding his visit was the fact that so many students were, through no fault of their own, unable to hear his addresses. This must have been quite as great a disappointment to Dr. Mott as to the students. He had a definite purpose in coming to Toronto, and evidently that purpose was to a degree not accomplished through local conditions. Is it not time that those in charge of the services in Convocation Hall should see that the student's rights are not

taken from him? Many students have such privileges as this for only a few years, and if they are denied them now their whole lives will be the poorer. Should this be permitted when the only reason for it is that some people may come to Convocation and go home saying, "Wasn't that a treat? I am glad I didn't go to my own church this morning," and then forget all about it?

Missionary Clock.

At the time of going to press the sum of \$529.00 has been subscribed by the men of Victoria toward the missionary policy of supporting Homer Brown as our missionary in West China. The remainder of the \$600.00 will doubtless be made up in a few days.



Book Review

Love and the Universe: The Immortals and other poems, by Albert D. Watson.

Dr. Watson's new volume bears the imprint of the Macmillan Co., in itself a good recommendation. It is also furnished with a foreword by Katherine Hale, whose judgment of the merits of the various poems is expressed in glowing terms. After the study I have given to Canadian literature, I confess that I take up a new volume of poetry with some misgiving. But that might be said of representative English or United States poetry as well. The whole Anglo-Saxon world seems to be in the trough of the wave of literature.

When I glanced through Dr. Watson's work I could not help being struck by the frequent recurrence of what would seem to be favorite words, such as "the ceaseless *urge*, *ebon* night," *storeyed*, *sun-born*, *proud-born*, *time-born*, *sweep*, *rift*, and many others which give an impression of poverty in language or of theme. But when we look at the range of Dr. Watson's vision as expressed in the first poem, *Love and the Universe*, we see that his sweep is wide, very wide, even if the transitions are not always very clear. And I found myself marking various other poems as being well balanced and well expressed—such are *April*, he is too optimistic for our Canadian springtime, *The Castaway*, *Dreamland*, *Inspiration*, *Weary*, and many others.

The Immortals number some twenty-six, of many nations and of various times. Dr. Watson has evidently studied his history well, for he writes in sympathetic and well-informed style of *Abraham*, *King Alfred*, *Goethe*, *Joan of Arc*, *Wagner*, and the rest.

As a German-trained student of verse, it is always my business to study rhymes and measure. I have not gone over every line, but from the first long poem many rhymes may be taken, which do not measure up to the purity nowadays expected of the poet and for which Tennyson is so justly praised. Dr. Watson prefers ruggedness to polish. Is it not possible to combine artistic perfection with manliness of thought? It must be, it has been, and it ought to be done.

Dr. Watson has made good progress in his work, and we hope he will go on to still greater perfection and to still wider range of vision.

L. E. HORNING.

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EDITORIAL

Concerning the Senior Dinner

Not a little has been heard of late concerning the ever-recurring problem, now intensified by the possibilities of Burwash Hall, with regards how best to conduct the annual function known as the Senior Dinner. Various valid criticisms of the function as it is now carried on are familiar to the majority of the students. These criticisms are chiefly along the lines of the expense to the students whether they attend annually or not, the usually extreme length of the function, and the comparatively small attendance from the lower years. It is understood that while the dinner is to be conducted this year much as in former years, the Faculty are seriously considering the policy for future years of having two separate functions, one for the men and the other for the women of the college. Doubtless they have excellent reasons for this proposed change, which will in due time be made known to all concerned.

While not purposing here to give reasons for our viewpoint, we are strongly of opinion that the proposal to hold two separate Senior Dinner functions will not at any time meet with the general favor of the student body. We quite agree that changes of some sort are not only advisable but well-nigh imperative, and we wish rather to suggest other changes whereby improvement may be effected.

The well-established policy of Senior Dinner Committees has been to endeavor to obtain the presence at the function of distinguished persons as guests of honor who will be the principal speakers of the evening. With commendable perseverance, committees, in times past, in their attempt to secure prominent men to grace our function, have begun with the Prime Minister of Canada and have gone all down the list. To our knowledge they have never quite succeeded in beguiling a Prime Minister, but they have always succeeded splendidly in providing a very prolonged programme of toast-speeches, in having very little "seasonable" time left for student speeches, and in giving everyone ample opportunity to become completely wearied by the function.

The questions arise: Is the Senior Dinner the place for the delivering of speeches by prominent men? Should not the function rather be one where the students and their instructors have a social evening together, forgetful of external matters? Opportunities there are in plenty throughout the academic year for the hearing of speeches by men of note. The students will listen at any time to public speakers whom the Faculty may secure to address them. But they would prefer not to have too many of them on Senior Dinner night. They desire, naturally enough, upon that occasion, to hear speeches from the professors and the students upon matters which touch closely the college life.

We maintain that the Senior Dinner should be made more purely a students' function. It should not be made an occasion for the bringing in of numbers of outside speakers. It should be more of a "family event," graced by the presence of the President of Toronto University and by the attendance of as many of our Faculty as may care to come. But, in the main, it should be, as indeed it was intended to be, a farewell given to the graduating classes by the students of the lower years.

If this conception of the function were adopted, with the curtailment of length which it would involve, and if, in addition, the expense to the students could be lessened by satisfactory arrangements being made for the holding of the function in Burwash Hall, we believe that the Senior Dinner might be continued in all other respects along the lines of its present policy.

The "Grad's" Letter

BLANKVILLE, CANADA, 14th January, 1914.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Since leaving College I have been careful to keep up my subscription to ACTA and have much enjoyed reading it. This is, however, the first time I was ever asked to contribute anything for its pages. You want to know what impressions my brief stay in "Vic." last fall made upon me.

The great impression was that of change—as naturally one would expect—changes in buildings—changes in professors—Dr. Bain and Dr. Blewett dead—Dr. Burwash and Dr. Reynar retired. But the change I felt most was in the student body. The average age of the students is much lower than it used to be, and gowns are no longer worn.

Of these, I am convinced, neither is an unmixed blessing. It may be a good thing for men to be ready for work younger, but there are disadvantages. Boys and girls come down fresh from high school and with a high school spirit. To them College presents certain lessons to be learned to the accompaniment of society and sport. As in the high school the motive, the propelling power, is the fear of the teacher and his examination. The end of education is *to know the right answer*. Of course none but will say that the end of education is to *be* something—to perfect oneself in "sweetness and light," but actions speak louder than words. It is the high school spirit.

As for the leaving off of the gowns, I wish I could be assured it meant that nothing of the spirit of the student was put off with it. Some years ago when gowns were worn the very unusualness of the College course tended to weed out those of mediocre ambitions. A man arrived at College after much labor and no little sacrifice. Lectures were privileges—their substance was worth considering. My impression was that some of this spirit had gone with the gowns. The prevailing idea seemed to be—to get a "B.A." as a pry to open some office door or a step-ladder into some remunerative seat. And I found fellows who rather frankly implied that lectures were scribbled down, books skimmed through, and examinations bluffed—with

this end in view. Education is a means to an end—which is very poor philosophy.

I noticed, too, the narrowing effect which the specialization in courses has produced. Two classes seem to have been created—those who plug a narrow course all the time and those who plug a narrow course barely enough time. The one class is after high standing—the other after a good time. But where are the students who seek a broadening vision and a fuller sympathy with life? Some one or two I met from whose conversation I judged they had some interest in things beside what they were to be examined on—but there were not many.

I am sorry to say I think this charge is rather lamentably true of many rising theologians both in Arts and Conference Theology. Are these to be leaders in morals only? Has the present-day preacher no relation to current literature and problems? I say it with no sense other than having attended to a necessity that both before leaving College and since I have been in active circuit work I have tried to keep in touch with the literary, political and philosophical movements of the day. I had hoped to have found some such spirit amongst the probationers—nor was I wholly disappointed—but if I may judge from what I saw and heard, many of these rising preachers are animated by the horribly meagre desire to pass examinations. In literature they know nothing since Carlyle and Browning—and these only for examination purposes; in philosophy—nothing since Kant—Maeterlinck, Bergson and Eacker are hazy names—for history and political movements reliance is had on newspaper reading, fairly thoughtlessly done. They were there to pass examinations.

Mr. Editor, I say from my experience that I would rather graduate in third-class honors (which I did), and know something besides my examinations (which I also did) than win I, 1, and be as narrow as some “first-in-firsts” are. I say this truthfully—not to discredit high standing, but to emphasize something far more essential.

Now, sir, you may think my conclusions too hasty and my letter not worth a place in your magazine. All right—leave it out. You asked for my impressions—here you have them.

Yours sincerely,

A “GRAD.”

Personals and Exchanges

Personals

THE LATE SENATOR COX.

The death occurred on Friday, January 16th, of a warm and generous friend of Victoria College, Senator George A. Cox. He was a figure prominent in the financial and political life of the Dominion. For a number of years he was president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce and of the Canada Life Assurance Company, and was interested in a vast number of other business enterprises. Among his business associates he was known as a man of keen business insight, of tact and executive ability of the highest character, and of well-balanced optimism.

But his activities were in no way confined to purely financial matters. From early manhood he has been identified with the Methodist Church, and has been most generous in his gifts of time and thought, as well as of money. His munificence to hospitals and other institutions has been great, but possibly the quiet personal gifts were the finer. He has since his residence in Peterborough taken a keen interest in the affairs of Victoria. For many years past he occupied the position of Bursar of the College, and has been foremost in her councils. Above all might he be remarked for his generous spirit and kindly manner. As Dean Wallace, in his tribute to his memory, observed: "In him was found a rare and beautiful combination of genius for business and genius for goodness."

Mr. Clark E. Locke, B.A. ('11), has been elected president of the Toronto Press Club for 1914. Mr. Locke, who served on the editorial staff of *ACTA* for one year, is at present parliamentary representative of the *Toronto World* in the Press Gallery of the Legislature.

E x c h a n g e s

“WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.”

“Unmitigated nonsense”—“the superessence of truth,” such will be the judgments of two classes of mankind upon an article appearing under the above head in the January number of the *Trinity University Review*. And the rest, majority or minority, whichever it be, will read and marvel and probably conclude with a muttered, half-convinced, “Much ado about nothing.” The article, written from a man’s standpoint—the writer is prudent enough to write over a nom-de-plume—presents the opinions of this observer upon that eternal, though not omnipresent, question of marriage.

Whom? Why? When? How? Marriage, if quite undesirable, is nevertheless apparently inevitable. So the author refrains from attacking its existence. But he has no such qualms as to the method employed in selecting the bride. And what ordinary mortals call “love” is for him not the path to happy marriage. Love idealizes; and marriage has a tendency to destroy ideals; hence, marry where you don’t love. He quotes the novelist, James Locke, as follows: “In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the man who falls in love with a woman does it intentionally, so to speak.” He follows with his own advice. “If, however, you really want to marry and lead a happy life, why not pick out the two girls you know whom you like least, toss for which it will be, and—realizing that it is a man’s duty to marry and that you are a martyr to duty—marry her. You are then insured of a happy union. The girl of whom you expected nothing gives you nearly as much as the girl from whom you expected everything. Your love, instead of fading, is born after marriage, and ‘rolls from soul to soul and grows forever and forever.’” Are you prepared to sacrifice all this happiness and bliss merely for the momentary pleasure of marrying the girl you love?”

This is but a suggestion of the writer’s philosophy of love. Many and brilliant, at least, are his meditations. And the moral of it all is—that will depend on the individual. To one it will be, as was suggested in the beginning, “If you’re crossed in love, don’t write articles about it”; to a second it will be,

"Just what I always thought." And the result will be nil. To quote again James Locke: "It is an automatic process and, if allowed to run, practically infallible." And magazine articles are powerless. The man in love will smile in a superior way—and love. The man out of love—he doesn't need it; when he falls in, it will be ineffectual. So, after all, the girls who are so unfortunate as to be heartily disliked by some man may comfort themselves—he isn't likely to propose.

STUDENTS AND STORIES.

This isn't a proper *Exchange* article, but the contents of the mail-box this month have not been very useful for the purposes of this department, so the editor has ventured to offer a few observations of his own, the result of a perusal of college magazines.

A characteristic to be noted in turning over the pages of such journals is the comparative scarcity of short stories, particularly of really worth-while ones. Very few of the magazines which reach this department pretend to include short stories in their columns. A small number do offer occasional yarns. A few of these are of undeniably high quality.

The reason for this lack must lie with the contributors, that is, the student bodies of the different colleges, not with the managing boards. That readers would welcome fiction of excellence, the prevalence of such matter in ordinary magazines would prove. That editors would accept it with joy seems most probable. So that, ultimately, the problem resolves itself into the fact that students do not write fiction.

That this is a real loss, and a significant one, too, must be acknowledged. Its effect upon the character of college periodicals is obvious. It means that they are filled with articles of a heavier nature, too often second-hand information from the class-room, unread in proportion to their dryness or their commonplaceness, or with trivial details of student life, unworthy of representing the true college mind.

One of the greatest influences in the shaping of the popular thought is the all-prevalent short story. The nature of this influence is very questionable, too often unquestionably bad. That influence is determined to a large degree by the writers.

When the short-story writers are of high principles, of true artistic insight and cultured literary standards, the short story will become an agent in the moral and literary development of readers. Such work should present a field of worthy opportunity for college graduates; the college magazine should provide a training of value for such work.

But the lack has more than its external bearings. It is significant of a very real lack in the temperament of the student. Perhaps the characteristic of such literature is originality and sprightliness of imagination. And the lack of such writing at least suggests the absence of that power. Students, in general, give the entire field of their mental activity to strictly intellectual pursuits. The imagination is neglected; it withers. Even if they read poetry it is Browning or Keats or some such. They want philosophy or music or literary analysis. They scarcely think of looking at Scott or Spenser, unless the calendar commands. How many can tell a yarn with vigor and picturesqueness? And yet, after all, the finest pleasures of life are the product of the free imagination, not of cold logic.

As suggested above, the cause of this condition lies largely in the character of academic studies. The work in all courses is dominantly analytic. The professors, if it be permitted, reason and expound and demonstrate; they rarely paint. Even in the English subjects we analyze and criticize, we forget to enjoy. We wonder if we might not sometimes have at least the alternative of writing a real tale, instead of an essay. The results would be interesting, more interesting to the professor, we venture to say, than the present attempts.

But, after all, the privilege of cultivating the imagination lies with the individual. He may read Dumas or Plato, Dickens or Macaulay. He may write a fairy tale or twenty pages of essay, create a sea yarn or work calculus. And the individual's sense of values will decide.



Hockey

At Varsity Rink, on Thursday, January 22nd, 1914, Victoria met Senior School as her first contestant in the Jennings Cup Series. The ice was in excellent condition, and the crowd of supporters present, though not exceedingly large, showed great enthusiasm during the course of the game. School started in like a whirlwind, but were closely checked by our boys, who gained the first goal. However, the puck was no sooner faced off than with a quick rush down the ice School had tied the score. "Vic." retaliated in exactly the same way, and the score now stood 2-1 in our favor. But School now began to press hard and ran in three goals in succession. After this it seemed as if the fast pace at the beginning had worn them out. For, during the next three-quarters of the game, "Vic." made a grand spurt and by a series of hard-fought goals brought the score from 4-2 against them to 5-4 in their favor at half-time. The rest seemed to benefit School to a marked degree, so that they soon evened the score after re-appearing on the ice. Burt and Allen were now doing some grand rushing and working in some nice combination at times. "Vic." managed to get two more, School failing to score again. The game thus ended 7-5 in our favor. The defence, though they had performed a balloon ascension during the first ten minutes of play, afterwards settled down, and for the remainder of the game played magnificently. Adams at rover was not in anything like his usual form, being handicapped by not having his own skates. Cheney played a magnificent game, shooting hard and extremely accurately. The star of the game was Burt, whose dazzling rushes at times electrified the crowd. Allen worked hard and played his usual effective game. Rodd at right wing was always mixed in the play and checked back well. The excellent

showing of the team certainly augurs well for the coming games, and our boys should be well up for the championship.

Line-up—Goal, Brown; Point, Allen; Cover, Burt; Rover, Adams; Centre, Campbell; Left Wing, Cheney; Right Wing, Rodd.

Early in the season the team travelled to Richmond Hill, to play against Pickering College of Newmarket, in a series which has been organized at Richmond Hill. The winners are to receive gold watches, and the tournament is to be decided by a process of elimination. After a hard-fought game "Vic." managed to win, the final score being 2-1. There are eight teams entered, and by the showing of our boys we stand a great chance finally to win out.

Another game was played again Pharmacy, to give the team some practice and try out the new material. We succeeded in winning 2-0, though the game was ragged in spots.

Basket-Ball

Owing to the fact that Senior Meds. defaulted their first game in the Inter-Faculty Series, "Vic." met Dents in one of the most peculiar games that has yet been played. Beginning with Maines and Brown, on the forward line, the team seemed to be completely demoralized, and as a result, Dents ran away with the game and piled up a huge score, their shooting, in fact, bordering on the phenomenal. As a result, the half-time score ended 18-2 in favor of Dents. Capt. Maines, who had meanwhile been playing an excellent game in his efforts to stem the tide, now saw fit to make a change in the line-up, sending Brown to the defence line and bringing Cheney forward to replace him on the forward line. This change seemed to put new life in the team. With Cheney and Maines shooting magnificently, "Vic's" score gradually began to rise until the final whistle blew with the score 26-22. Such a complete reversal of form on the part of the Victoria men seemed to stagger their opponents, who fell away badly during the second half. The team still has a chance to win the series if they are successful in their next game against Arts.

Line-up—Forwards, Maines (Capt.), Brown; Centre, Horner; Defence, Cheney, Horning.

Victoria College Association Football Team, Intermediate Inter-Faculty Champions



G. B. WHITE	H. L. HUMPHREY	J. C. MARRITT	J. T. OLIVER	Prof. C. B. SISSONS	S. R. GREER	J. R. BROWN	M. P. SMITH
Right full back	Centre half back	Right half back	Spare back		Left half back	Goal	Left full back
J. W. ANSLEY	A. L. HUTHER	W. M. SMITH	W. R. MCANUS	H. H. SANDERSON	G. A. RICHARDSON		
Outside right	Inside right, Manager	Centre	Inside left	Outside left, Captain	Spare forward		

Girls' Athletics

The second of the women's inter-collegiate hockey games was played on "Little Vic." ice, February 2nd, when the "Vic." team won from Varsity by a score of 2-0. Both teams put up a splendid game. For the first part the play was around the "Vic." goal, but our defence players were able to keep their opponents in check. Near the end of the first half Miss Armstrong made a spectacular rush and scored a goal for "Vic." In the second half the tables were turned and the puck hovered close to Varsity goal, and Miss Kerby scored the second goal for "Vic." Both Miss Walker and Miss Bodden in goal, and Miss Ziegler, the Varsity right wing, played a splendid game.

University College—Goal, M. Bodden; point, J. Bryce; cover point, M. Cameron; rover, M. Parks; centre, B. Ferguson; left, A. McGillivray; right, O. Ziegler.

Victoria College—Goal, R. Walker; point, A. Ochs; cover point, A. Edwards; rover, G. Armstrong; centre, H. Kerby; right wing, D. Luke; left wing, A. Hammill.



J. H. Thorne



1st Senior—"They had goose yesterday at the men's residence."

2nd Senior—"Well, which one of the men is missing today?"

Prof. Auger (announcing appointments for returning essays)—"I hope to be ready for the "J's" and "H's." There is only one "Jay" in the class—and she isn't a jay either."

Dr. Bell—"Miss W-gle, will you translate, please?"

Miss W-gle, 1T4—"Where are we now, Dr. Bell?"

Dr. Bell—"Well, I'm not quite sure, but I think it is Room 6."

Reg Ad-ms, '16 (at telephone)—"Hello! Hello! Is that North 4430? This is Reg. Ad-ms speaking from Burwash Hall. I found a note telling me to call up Mr. Lion at your number. Can I speak to him now?"

A Voice—"Ha! Ha! I'm sorry, but Mr. Lion is eating his dinner just now."

Reg. (suspiciously)—"Where is this, anyway?"

The Voice—"This is *Riverdale Zoo*."

Junior 1T5—"I don't think that the surroundings down here are conducive to study."

Miss Go-ng, 1T4—"Well, if they were, it would be a mighty slow place."

Neth-recott, '16 (getting peeved at the sallies of two freshmen, and turning to others at table)—"I guess you fellows will think that I am a haystack, if these young asses keep nibbling at me much longer."

Miss J-nes, 1T4—"Look at Dr. Edgar's hair, how nice and smooth it is."

Miss W-gle, 1T4—"Well, it won't be in another moment." -

The following was discovered in George Br-w'n's note-book in Pass English:

Jan. 20th, 1914.

Prof. Auger,

18th century literature:

Thomas Parnell=an Irishman.

Song on Blushing=piffle.

Metre anagestic,—G. It was all very well to dissemble
your love,
But why did you kick me down-
stairs?

N.B.—Buy a new toothbrush.

Mr. Owen (describing one of the woman characters in a German play)—“Ida was one of those twining-ivy sort of girls.”

1st Soph—“Where are you going, Ella?”

2nd Soph—“Over to the book bureau to pay my Bill.”

The debate between the first and second years took place on Thursday, Jan. 15th, at the Woman's Literary Society. The subject under discussion was,—“Resolved, that preachers have done more to benefit humanity than teachers.” The affirmative was taken by Miss Connor and Miss Winters, of the first year, and the negative by Miss Chisholm and Miss Hockey, of the second year. The judges, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Rochat, Miss Spence, gave their decision in favor of the negative and made special mention of Miss Connor's splendid delivery.

Miss Fl-nders, 1T4—“Do you have any Bible study?”

Junior—“I have the second year outside girls, but they never come.”

Miss Fl-nders, 1T4—“I have the third year inside girls, and they come every time, shoot 'em.”

Prof. Lane (at Ladies' Oration Contest)—“Yes, I think it is a great thing for the ladies to have some ideas on their feet.”

Copies of the report of the Kansas City Convention are being stocked in the office of the Dominion Council of the Young Women's Christian Association, 332 Bloor St. West, Toronto, and may be secured at the minimum price. Leave your order early.

Miss J-nes, 1T4—"I did over 700 lines of German yesterday. I want that put in ACTA."

If anyone wishes to find R. G. C-rruthers, '15, we may state that we have been informed that his permanent address is in front of the Hermeneutics marks on the College notice board.

Never mind, R. G., we'd be there ourselves under similar circumstances.

Miss Cl-rke (at Woman's Lit.)—"I am glad to report, Madame Speaker, that since this government took the matter in hand, there has been a marked improvement in the conduct of the girls during prayers."

Bravo, ladies! Keep it up.

Cr-se, '17 (speaking from opposition benches)—"I wish to have it distinctly understood, Mr. Speaker, that I am a sheep in wolf's clothing."

At the January house-meeting of the Gate House it was requested that all in attendance should wear a Christmas tie. The result was startling, for the appeal brought forth a galaxy of blue, pink and yellow tints that would have made a Caroline nigger turn pale with envy. If only our sisters, aunts and cousins could have dropped in to see us. One tie was so noisy that it had to be ejected before the meeting could proceed to business. After a very enjoyable session the meeting concluded with the singing of "Blest be the tie."

In Chicago.

Nethercott, '16 (noticing that the street cars had no fenders)—"Say, Buch-nan, do you notice anything strange about the street cars?"

Buch-nan, '15 (after a moment's thought)—"Why, no! Oh, yes, I do—they haven't any—ah—ah—cowcatchers!"

There is one of the annual jokes which we feared was going to be overlooked this year. However, we are glad to report that Mr. Hend-rson, '17, has stepped into the breach and the situation has been saved. It happened thus: The biology class had been dismissed for disorderly conduct, and the "Vic." freshmen were wending their way disconsolately homeward.

"Why aren't you working?" asked a sympathetic friend.

"We feel very much put out!" replied Mr. Hend-rson.

Sic nos servavit Hendy.

On Saturday evening, January 24th, the Union Literary Society held an open meeting, at which the speaker was Mr. N. W. Rowell, K.C., M.P.P. Mr. Rowell is always sure of a warm welcome at Victoria, not only because of his prominent position in public life, but also because he is a member of the Board of Regents of our College. On this occasion he spoke on the subject, "Social Movements in England, and in Ontario," and the prolonged applause which followed his address was an indication of the appreciation with which it was received. In the business session which followed Mr. Rowell was elected to honorary membership in the Society.

The Victoria College Glee Club concert, which took place in Burwash Hall on the evening of January 29th, showed a marked advance on the former work of this Club. The Glee Club has been getting better every year, and we believe that it is now unsurpassed by any similar organization of its size in the country. The Club was assisted at this concert by Miss Katherine Ingle, reader; Mr. Albert Downing, tenor; and Mr. Frank Oldfield, bass. The numbers rendered by these artists were of a very high order, but we could not help but feel that the choral singing was the feature of the evening.

We hope that the Glee Club will be able to arrange their proposed trip to England during the coming summer, as we feel sure that in so doing they will bring honor to their *Alma Mater*.

Mr. F. Ow-n, M.A. (lecturing on German text)—"Please observe the beauty of this passage. These lines always call to my mind a similar passage from Tennyson's beautiful poem "*Hiawatha*."

Roy Rickard (presiding at 3rd year class meeting—"As we have now decided not to hold our sleighing party on a Friday evening, perhaps somebody will move that we have it on another evening."

Miss Go-lding—"I move that we have it on some other evening than Friday."

We frequently have to listen to talkative individuals, who insist upon relating to us the remarkable experiences which

have come to them in their dreams, and being of a meek and kindly disposition we have hitherto suffered in silence; but when a man like N. G. K-ng comes forward and tells us that he dreamed that Professor Greaves' elocution class had moved to another building because Victoria was too noisy, we feel that it is time for even the worm to turn. What do you think?

The oratorical muse inspired eight of the women students to enter the oration contest, held in Alumni Hall, Monday evening, February 4th. The characteristic feature of the contest this year was the almost uniform excellence of the speakers.

Miss Arkley, '17, whose subject was "Canada's Climate as one of its Greatest Assets," succeeded in carrying off the laurel. Miss Schwandt, '17, and Miss Snider, '15, ranked equally with Miss Arkley on matter, but the judges decided in favor of the latter on the point of style.

Miss Schwandt gave a splendid oration on "The Opportunities of the Teacher in the West," and Miss Snider dealt, in a very convincing manner, with one of the live questions of the day, "Co-education."

Miss Williams, '17, carried us all back to those first happy days of college life, when she spoke so charmingly of the "Expectations and Impressions of a Freshette upon entering College."

The need for missionaries in Egypt was presented in a very realistic manner by Miss Green, '17. Miss Marvin, '15, gave a bright, comprehensive oration on "Optimism," and Miss Wells, '17, gave us an instructive oration on the achievements of Pierre Raddison as one of the early Canadian explorers.

Miss Martin's oration on "That which we lack as the motive power to higher things," was not only inspiring but showed deep and original thought."

Professor Lane, in giving the judges' report, commented on the excellence of the speakers, and remarked that the Victoria women were proving themselves capable of taking their place on public platforms.

In the musical part of the programme, the songs by Miss Graham and Miss Wigle and the instrumental selection by Miss Marvin were much appreciated and enjoyed.

———, '14.

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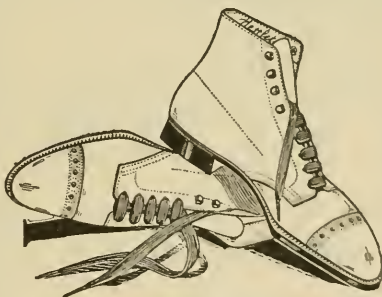
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MOTHER'S CANDY KITCHENChoice Bon-bons, Chocolates
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COLLEGE GOWNS

The best made and most
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\$5.⁰⁰

and upwards.

103 King St. West, Toronto.

PATRONIZE
OUR
ADVERTISERS

**Official Calendar of the Department of
Education for the Year 1914**

February :

4. First Meeting of High School Boards and Union Boards of Education. [H. S. Act, sec. 22 (1)]. [B. E. Act, sec. 16].
(1st Wednesday in February).
14. Public Library Board to submit estimate to Municipal Council of several sums required. (On or before 15th February).
[P. L. Act, sec. 10].
28. School Boards in unorganized Townships to appoint Assessors.
(Not later than 1st March). [P. S. Act, sec. 34 (1)].
Separate School supporters to notify Municipal Clerks. [S. S. Act, sec. 55 (1)]. (On or before 1st March).

March :

31. Night Public Schools close (Session 1913-1914). Reg. 12.
(Close 31st March).

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105 Simcoe Street

Personal Laundry Work
Given Special Attention.

Repairing Done Free.

Phone Adelaide 954

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Highest Class of Work and most
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DR. FRED. N. BADGLEY DENTIST

110 Avenue Road
Opposite St. Paul's Church) TORONTO

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Wesley Bldgs., 33 Richmond Street West

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Graduate of Toronto and Philadelphia

21 Bloor St. West Phone N. 698

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Can supply you with the freshest and choicest in the city. Bouquets, Corsages, etc., made in the most artistic manner. Designs for all occasions. Night and Sunday. Phone Junction 858.

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FOR
YOUNG MEN



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	Poke or Small Square- Tabbed Wing	Small Tab Wing Poke or Lapfront	White Glacé with Self Backs or White Chevreau. White Chamois for Theatre	Patent Leather Buttoned Cloth or Kid Tops Patent Leather Pumps	Pearl Links and Studs

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THE early cool spells are really more trying on the constitution than later on when you expect the cold weather as a regular thing.

NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY AN OVERCOAT

Whether it be a medium weight or a good solid one for winter use, our immense range of patterns and fabrics makes it easy for you to select a coat, and our range of prices has been graded so that every man can buy one, even if his price be as low as \$7.50. College Boys will be pleased with our Nifty Models and we will allow you ten per cent. off all purchases if you just mention this advertisement.

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COR. YONGE & ADELAIDE STS.,

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